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the divine purposes of art. The majestic forms wrought by the chisel of Phidias—the creations of art which sprang from the hand of Parrhasius—the dreams of beauty revealed in the *Venus* of Apelles—shadow forth the grace with which Greek art had invested the fables of mythology. The sweet forms, yet brilliant with the hues given in the early dawn of Christian art by Fra Angelico, in the Medician city—the *Last Supper*, still beautiful in its crumbling wreck, by Leonardo de Vinci, at Milan—the *Assumption* of Titian—the *Madonna del Sisto* and the *Transfiguration*, by Raphael, the purest creations of beauty which art ever gave—the *Il Penseroso*, the *Day and Night*, and the *Last Judgment*, unrivalled in its majestic grandeur, yet overhung with the awful shadows of Fate—

"Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Juxta est venturus  
Cuncta stridit discussurus"—

of Michael Angelo, in the beauty and power of execution, have shown the sublimest forms which the inspiration of art can create, the loftiest triumphs of human genius.

#### HINTS FOR HELP.

IN proportion to the encouragement actually given to American artists, the development of the art genius of the country has been rather extraordinary. With few rare exceptions, every artist of note has won his place through privations and discouragements which would have driven him to despair, had not the singular enthusiasm, which is always a constituent of true genius, endowed him with the spirit of resistance in an unwonted degree. Our people prefer to pay five dollars for what is worth twenty, and thus obtain a "good bargain," than to rest content with paying for a thing its exact worth. Hence an artist, without a name and fame to render the possession of his pictures a matter of *pride* to a large class of professed "patrons," may beg for the poor pittance of five dollars for what has cost him a week of hard labor. When once his name and fame are won by some happy "hit," or by the good *engineering* of some influential friend, the canvas is eagerly sought at his easel, and thereafter the poor painter, no longer poor, is "in clover."

But artists are almost uniformly proud. If so hard pressed as to have no good

coat, nor any means to provide for the actual wants of the body, few persons know anything of it, and the subject of *real* pity escapes all help. If we were to tell some of the stories of artists which have come to our knowledge—of labor without reward, of suffering without relief, of mortification without mitigation—our readers would be startled; but the very mention of names, or of individual circumstances, would excite so much bad feeling as to render our visits to studios anything than pleasant. The whole body of artists would resent the insult offered the profession in betraying the condition of any one of "the unfortunates."

This fact, however, will do for consideration; and we offer the hint to all who have the means for gratifying their tastes, to say nothing of charity, but to seek, in the out-of-the-way ateliers of five-story houses, in the avenues and elsewhere, the artist whom they *know* paints a reputable picture—give him a good, liberal commission—talk *for* him in "good society," so as to bring him to the notice of others able to buy his pictures;—doing which, the odor of a good deed will always cling to the memory, and more true charity will be bestowed than if thousands had been squandered upon shirts for the Senegambia, or tracts for the Tahitans.

#### SONNETS.

##### THE DECISION.

Go from me. Toward the future keep thy face,  
Nor turn thee back once more to look on me,  
A poor, wan, weary child of Poesy,  
Who out of minstrel kingdom hath no place.  
Rove on from flower to flower like honey-bee.  
Ere long to thee may rise some other star,  
Dazzling thy vision while 'tis seen afar—  
Greatness of things, too near, we cannot see.  
From the high temple where I sit and sing,  
I'll watch thee dallying with each gilded toy,  
As from her perch the bird surveys a boy  
Sending his kite to heaven upon a string,  
Or chasing bubbles but to see them burst,  
And turn to air, of which they were at first.

##### THE AFTER-THOUGHT.

Continue along the placid lowland ways;  
By song I could not lift thee up to me,  
And from this height cannot descend to thee,  
Without the risk of laying down my bays.  
My path lies up the stormy steep of Fame,  
From which my harp-tones oft shall reach thy ears,  
And stir the sluggish fountain of thy tears,  
As distant music oft awakes some flame  
Long slumbering in the ashes of the heart;  
Then, looking up, thou'lt say: "O height sublime!  
I might have been *there*, but I would not climb!  
When erst, with that pale bard about to start,  
My fellows plucked my sleeve, and called me mule,  
And so I stayed down *here*, and played the fool!"

ESTELLE A. LEWIS.

#### MASTERS OF ART AND LITERATURE.

##### Sixteenth Article.

#### CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

IN writing of our literature and its exponents, it is the habit of newspaper paragraphists to characterize it as already markedly *national*, and they cite, as representative men in that literature, the names of Washington Irving, Prescott, Carey, Bancroft, Cooper, Jonathan Edwards, Audubon, Maury, Agassiz, Schoolcraft, Silliman, Ticknor, Motley, Story, Emerson, &c. &c. We hazard nothing in urging that, aside from Irving and Cooper, these writers are American only from the circumstance of their residence having been cast on this side of the Atlantic—not from any characteristics of their works: their books might have been produced in England, with all their excellences and defects, had they been born and bred loyal subjects of the British crown. But this cannot be said of Irving and Cooper, nor of Simms, Halleck, Paulding, Lowell, Hawthorne, Kennedy: they never could have produced their books, deprived of their American birth, education, and experiences.

It is true their works are in the category of pleasant, rather than in that of great, productions; but they are so thoroughly impregnated with the genius of our peculiar circumstances and character, as to identify them *American*, and make them the nucleus of a "national literature."

Among those writers of the younger generation, who are fast taking prominent positions in our "world of letters," must be named the subject of this notice. Unquestionably one of the most thoroughly cultivated scholars and polished men of society among his *confreres* of the "sanctum," Mr. Leland gives fair promise of adding materially to the stores of our distinctive American literature; while, as an art-critic and writer on æsthetics, he must be regarded as among the *very few* WELL-QUALIFIED persons who essay these departments, in this country. We therefore cheerfully give place to this sketch, particularly as we are in possession, through the kind offices of a friend, of personal data of a very interesting nature.

Charles Godfrey Leland was born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 15, 1824—of